

To Miss Lizzie Love.

DARLING KATE.



SONG & CHORUS

Written and composed by
WILL. S. HAYS.

Arranged by
CHARLES HEBEL.



Piano.

CINCINNATI, O.

Guitar.

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3

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Allegretto

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto* and *mf*. It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

O! I think of the days, when but a little child, I sported o'er the meadows, to the hill. Where the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are: "O! I think of the days, when but a little child, I sported o'er the meadows, to the hill. Where the"

sweet flowers bloom'd, and were ever growing wild, Near the stream that rippled near the mill. But the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweet flowers bloom'd, and were ever growing wild, Near the stream that rippled near the mill. But the"

old mill has gone to de - cay long ago. Where I romp'd with my little darling Kate And the

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "old mill has gone to de - cay long ago. Where I romp'd with my little darling Kate And the"

Miller lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow Where we play'd near the turn-pike gate.

The fourth system concludes the song with the final line of lyrics: "Miller lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow Where we play'd near the turn-pike gate."

3087. 4.

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CHORUS.

Soprano.
Alto. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
Tenore. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
Basso. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she

sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.

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sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.

Turnpike Gate. 3087. 4.

3. V. Now its old broken hinges have grown red with the rust, And its timbers are all going to de-cay And how

Ah! the "log school" has long since gone to decay, Where the schoolmaster heard us re-cite, And he

ma-ny swung upon it that have return'd to dust, Since you and I up-on it used to play O! I

misses you and ^{my} for he used to see us play, When our little hearts were fill'd with de-light, And

love it for 'twas there in my boy-hood days, That first I saw and lov'd my darling Kate: And she

when the school was out, we would wander to the spring, And I'd draw for you pictures on your slate, And

sits beside me now with a smile upon her brow, And re-minds me of the turnpike gate. D. C. Chorus.

then the joy it gave us, when you and I would swing, To and fro, on the turn-pike gate.

